My Soul Sings for You

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My Soul Sings for You

by NeuroWriter14

Summary

When he was younger, Will was plagued by nightmares and would often find his way to his father when they woke him. As a teenager, he was no different.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

When Will opened the door to Hannibal's room, trudging inside while rubbing at his eyes, Hannibal wasn't surprised. When he was younger, he would do the same thing. Will was always plagued by nightmares. He used to wake, screaming and twisting in his bed, the sheets wrapped around his body, and covered in sweat. Hannibal would always comfort him, pressing soft kisses against his dark curls and murmuring that things would be all right. As he grew older, Will would wake and find his way into Hannibal's room, curling next to him as he tried to go back to sleep. As a teenager, Will was exactly the same.

His curls were a mess on his head and his eyes were still glassy from sleep as he trudged toward the unoccupied side of Hannibal's bed. His hand dropped as he grasped for the covers, no longer rubbing against his eyes. He whimpered slightly as he dropped into the bed next to Hannibal.

"Another nightmare, darling?" Hannibal asked as Will shuffled closer.

"Mhm," He muttered sleepily before snuggling further into the blankets.

He was still half asleep as he trudged into his father's room, so Hannibal wasn't surprised when his breathing changed rather quickly, having dozed off once again. Hannibal had been about to sleep himself, though Will had gone to sleep two hours before him. He waited as he heard Will's breathing stabilize then shifted himself, burrowing further into the bed. That should have been the end of it, Will curled into his side and the two of them asleep until they would have to ready themselves for the day. But it wasn't.

Hannibal had barely closed his eyes when Will whimpered again.

Normally, when Will came into his room after a nightmare, he didn't have any more that night. Sometimes Will stayed in his own room and Hannibal could tell he'd had nightmares that night due to the dark circles under his eyes. But that never happened when he crawled in next to Hannibal. He always slept soundly at Hannibal's side, often burrowed against him and snoring softly. Hannibal turned slightly, evaluating what he could see of Will's face in the darkness.

His brows were furrowed, his face pinched like he was in pain. After another moment, he whimpered again, though this time his body shifted as though he was physically uncomfortable. His head thrashed slightly and Hannibal found himself reaching for him, pained by the obvious distress on his son's face. He had intended to wake him, though the moment Hannibal's fingers grazed his sweat-soaked cheek, he calmed. His face relaxed immediately and for a moment, Hannibal thought he might press into his hand. After a moment, Will shifted forward, plastering himself against Hannibal's side and all at once, Hannibal was aware of the reason for Will's distress.

Will's arousal pressed against Hannibal's hip as he snuggled closer, rocking his hips lightly to have some friction.

Hannibal sighed to himself.

He had known for a while that Will had entered this part of his life. Their rooms weren't that far apart and while Will tried to be quiet, his door was thin and let sounds leak from under it. Sometimes in the morning, Will's arousal was palpable, and Hannibal's excellent sense of smell picked up on it quickly. So, Hannibal was well aware.

He supposed he shouldn't be all that surprised. It was natural for Will, in his sleep arousal, to try to find a body to press against to help him relieve it. He would likely be embarrassed once he realized that the body he was pressed against was his father. And Hannibal knew he should stop him to save him the embarrassment.

Will whimpered again and Hannibal swallowed thickly.

Hannibal always knew he overindulged when it came to Will. There wasn't anything he could deny him. And he was pained to think of denying him now.

Will's hips rocked slightly, unpracticed and lazy in his sleep. Hannibal stayed still, content to let Will do what he needed. With Will relaxed, he would sleep better, and Hannibal would be happy to know his boy was taken care of.

Will whimpered again, this time pressing closer by shifting his leg to drape over Hannibal's, rutting against his hip more. When that didn't seem to do it, he shifted even closer, practically climbing on top of Hannibal until they were pressed chest to chest. Hannibal still didn't move, fighting the urge to touch Will as his boy began to move again, once again rutting against his father. The position seemed to satisfy him more as he sighed slightly, turning his face to press against Hannibal's shoulder as he continued his movements. Though Hannibal was taller than Will, he was still tall, managing to take over most of Hannibal's body after he climbed over him.

Will's movements increased and Hannibal could feel him begin to warm, though this time it wasn't from a nightmare. His breath hitched slightly and the whimpers that now echoed from him were increasingly inching more and more toward moans. His hands grasped for something to hold onto, finding Hannibal's bare shoulders. He rarely slept with a shirt on and he knew he should regret the decision now as he felt the heat of Will's body sink into his bones. Will's nails would dig half-moons into Hannibal's shoulder and all Hannibal could think was that he would have to cover them in the morning so as to not embarrass Will.

Will's breathy moans increased and Hannibal, against his own better judgment, began to feel his own body reacting in response. He refrained from doing anything about it, however, letting Will continue unimpeded.

Will's moans turned into high whines as his grip on Hannibal tightened and then all at once tensed. His whole body shuddered as he came, spilling in his briefs between them.

Will's body stayed tense for a while as he shuddered through the aftershocks of his orgasm before he began to slowly melt against Hannibal's body, content as a housecat.

Hannibal waited for a moment longer to make certain Will was fully asleep following his endeavor before shifting so he could clean them both up.

The moment he returned to bed, Will curled up against him once more, though this time he seemed deep in a peaceful sleep.

The next morning, Will didn't seem to remember anything and Hannibal wasn't about to tell him. He knew he should, and that he should potentially address his recent forays into discovering his sexuality. It wasn't as though he didn't have *The Talk* with Will. He had. But talking about sex and everything that came with it wasn't the same as Will sleep rutting against Hannibal and ultimately finding his release as he worked himself on his father's body. But Hannibal took one look at the refreshed look Will had the next day, more content than he had ever been after he began to understand more and more about the world and the darkness he saw in it, and Hannibal couldn't bring himself to ruin it.

So instead, he kissed Will's curls, lingering a little longer than he should have before he sent Will off to school for the day.

And that should have been the end of it.

Yet that night, when Will returned, sweat-covered and shaking from another nightmare, it happened again. And again the following night.

On and off for several weeks, Will would return to Hannibal's bed following a nightmare and would inevitably find his way atop Hannibal in his sleep. At one point, Hannibal wondered if Will was awake, but his boy never seemed to know what he was doing, much less remember in the morning. And Hannibal could never bring himself to stop him. Instead, the more it happened, the more he found himself responding in turn and eventually, pressing a hand to Will's back to encourage his movements.

For weeks it continued. Will would go to sleep before Hannibal, Hannibal would do whatever he needed for the night — even leaving for his other activities that would inevitably end up in *Tattlecrime* — before he would find himself in bed with Will over him, moaning against his bare chest.

He should have stopped him, but he never did.

Will could feel another body against his. Some part of his mind knew it was a dream, so the body he was feeling wasn't exactly real. But it felt real nonetheless.

It was a familiar body, one he knew he knew, but he couldn't quite tell whose it was. He just knew that as he pressed against it, that painful, aching arousal that he often felt returned.

He'd had this dream over and over for several weeks now. The one where he was pressed against another body, this same familiar body. Whoever the body belonged to was always still as Will began to itch for a reprieve to his terrible arousal. It was choking, his arousal, to the point that it was all he could think about and comprehend. He just wanted something, anything, to relieve it.

The first time he had the dream, he couldn't find a way to rid himself of it. There was no body there. Nothing to press against. Nothing solid and warm and perfect. No skin against his own,

no living, breathing being between his legs. It was just empty. A cold, empty, nothingness. He knew he had woken the next day feeling so terrible — empty and lonely in a way he never felt before — that he almost asked his father if he could stay home that day because he wasn't feeling well.

His daddy had a way of relieving every sense of emptiness he had in him. He could soothe the dark corners of Will's mind, calm him in just the right ways when his nightmares overtook him. He would find himself strangely comfortable in his father's arms afterward, curled into his side knowing that he would never be harmed there.

There was some darkness in his father too. Will could *see* it. But that darkness was never directed toward Will. He knew there were times when that darkness needed to be unleashed, but often the next morning after Will had seen it boiling behind his father's eyes, it was gone. Somehow satiated and content like a well-fed cat. Dinner would always be obnoxiously fancy those nights and those were the few nights that Will's father never allowed Will into the kitchen with him. Normally, Will and his father would exist in the same room together, even Will was working on homework and his father working on something else. When it came time for dinner, they would drift into the kitchen together and as Will grew older, his daddy taught him how to cook. It was only on the nights that followed whatever his father did to sate his darkness that Will wasn't allowed in the kitchen with him.

That didn't mean that his father didn't lavish him with food and treats for dinner and after.

And when he had a nightmare, he would find his way into his father's room, curling next to him in the safety of his father's arms. Will had the sneaking suspicion that he was the only one safe there, and that made him enjoy it more.

He slept his best next to his father.

But that didn't stop this same dream.

The second time he had the dream, and every time after, there was a body there. For several nights he was content to never know who it belonged to. He was just glad for it.

But eventually, he had to know.

His mind began sifting through the various people he knew, putting their faces on the body under him.

First, it was Alana, a girl in his class who was incredibly smart and beautiful and strong. But she didn't quite fit. Then it was Matthew Brown, another of his classmates. But he didn't fit either. Will's mind ran through a few other of his classmates over the next couple of nights before it seemed to decide that it wasn't a classmate of Will's at all. The faces then shifted to the adults in his life. His teachers came and went quickly, then it was the psychiatrist who often tried to impress his father, Frederick Chilton. Then it was his father's longtime friend Dr. Donald Sutcliffe, but his face was gone almost as quickly as it appeared. Will's frustrated mind was running out of people.

Until it finally stopped on his father.

His mind immediately filled in the gaps about the body under him, shifting the features until it resembled his father more and more. He could feel the hair on his chest, the strong muscles under his skin, his hand where it pressed against Will's back.

At first, when he was awake again, he recoiled. He shouldn't be dreaming such things about his father. It was wrong. He knew it was wrong.

Objectively, he knew his father was attractive. His cheekbones alone looked like they could cut glass and his distinct, strong facial structure coupled with his toned, muscled body; his brilliant amber eyes, the bow curve of his lips, his broad, muscled back and torso; and-

Will's mind stopped as he thought more and more about his daddy, realizing that there was a reason it was his daddy he conjured every night in his sleep.

He knew he should feel bad or guilty. He should be ashamed of his thoughts. But they were just thoughts, his mind reasoned. They didn't harm anyone.

So, eventually, he began to embrace the sight of his father in his dreams. They were just dreams.

He didn't know how long he'd had the dreams. Just that the more he had them, the more he could feel the body under him — his father's body — react. His father never touched him much, just a hand against his back encouraging his movements, and eventually, once his orgasm overcame him, a kiss against his curls or forehead.

This night was no different from how previous nights had gone.

Will woke from a nightmare, his heart pounding in his chest and blood cascading down the backs of his eyelids. His shirt was plastered against his chest from sweat and he could still feel his limbs shaking slightly. He pushed himself up from his bed, moving to his bathroom and discarding his clothes along the way. He splashed cold water over his warm skin and shivered when it nearly sizzled on his body. After a moment, he returned to his room, ignoring his sweaty bed, and dressed again in a t-shirt and clean briefs before wandering to his daddy's room. He had been going through sleep shirts and briefs quicker than normal, but he had more than he would ever need and they did laundry often.

Will wondered if he should stop going to his father's room whenever he had a nightmare, especially considering the dreams he had about him, but those thoughts were quickly banished once he saw the safe place that always belonged to him at his father's side.

He climbed into his father's bed, curling next to him as he had done since he was little, and promptly fell asleep.

Then the dream came again and like always, Will moved himself over the familiar body of his father. Like always as well, the other's hand only ever moved to press against his back, steadying and warm as he worked himself to completion. He could swear he felt his daddy's erection too, brushing against his own. He wondered if he could bring the dream version of his father some release too, shifting slightly so their cocks brushed together through the fabric of Will's briefs and his daddy's sleep pants.

His father's hand was solid and strong where it pressed against him, anchoring in a way he always knew was possible, but didn't know he needed as much until this.

"Daddy," He felt himself moan, his hands gripping his father's shoulders tight enough that he would leave marks.

He could almost feel his daddy's breath stutter in his chest as he tried to drive them both to completion.

When he finally came, his daddy did too and Will slumped against his body, feeling the mess they made between them but not caring.

But for some reason, this, the feeling of his father's chest against his cheek, felt different than normal. More solid. More real. Will didn't move for a long while until he felt lips press against his curls. And that was all too real.

After a moment, he felt his father shift the two of them, slowly moving Will off his body and depositing him on the bed next to where they were.

It had to be a dream, Will's mind told him. A vivid one, but he was used to that.

He wanted to think that until he heard the water his father's adjoining bathroom turn on. His eyes shot open.

Real.

It had all been real.

Will found himself avoid Hannibal for the next few days.

After waking up the next morning, tucked into his father's side, his mind began trying to rectify all the dreams — *dreams* — and the other information he knew. Like the fact that he had been going through sleep clothes more than usual. Or the fact that he often woke up to his father wearing a t-shirt or sweater when he had rarely bothered to cover his torso in the mornings unless there was someone at the door. His mind also began to mix calling the man by his name and calling him his father. It created a distance that was both odd and intimate, that part of Will desperately sung for.

He knew he shouldn't. And he tried to stop himself.

He stayed in his bed when his nightmares plagued him, waking him up at all hours of the night. He was certain one night he even screamed, and it was confirmed when Hannibal came to his door to check on him. He lied, saying that he was all right because he couldn’t bear to face his father knowing what he knew. He couldn't bear facing him, knowing that of all the people on the planet he was attracted to, of all the people that he dreamed about, of all the people that he found himself wanting to do things he shouldn't want to do with them, it was always his father. It was Hannibal. It was the one person on the planet who could understand him best.

By Friday morning, he was exhausted and nearly dead on his feet. He had barely slept over the week, sometimes finding himself dozing off in class because at least he wouldn't fall asleep enough to dream.

Hannibal noticed, how could he not, but it seemed like it was obvious enough that Will didn't want to talk about it because he never broached the topic. Though he was obviously concerned.

It was all so jarring for Will. He had never slept better in his life — that he could remember anyway — after the dreams started. Now, he had never slept worse. It was as though his very soul was calling out for his father and was aching at being denied.

By Friday night, as Will tried to do his homework, he was so tired he couldn't focus anymore. The words blurred in front of his eyes and he was certain they began to tear. He was nearly falling apart by the time his daddy arrived home that night and it was all he could do to keep himself from throwing his whole body into Hannibal's arms and begging him to never let go.

Eventually, he found his way into his bed, collapsing from exhaustion and aching sadness.

But he couldn't sleep.

An hour went by, and Will was still awake, annoyingly so. Then two hours went by. At this point, he could hear footsteps outside his room. Hannibal paused at his doorway for a moment, and Will wondered if he would come in, before the footsteps eventually continued into his own room.

He waited another few minutes, before his mind finally came to some sort of conclusion, though he wasn't certain if it was a good one.

He pushed up from his bed, shuffling through his door and into his father's room.

Hannibal was on his back, lying in his bed with a book in hand. His eyes shot up to Will the moment he entered, watching him carefully. For a moment, Will debated going back before he forced himself forward, moving through the room as he had done so many times until he was at his father's bed. He crawled in, finding his spot next to his daddy, exactly as it always had been as though he never tried to stay away.

After a moment, Hannibal set the book aside and turned off the light on his bedside table.

Will opened his eyes as the room turned dark, letting them adjust to the low light. The moon, which shone through the window, was the only light left in the room. Will swallowed where he was curled next to his father, wondering if he should really continue his previous plan. He could just stay like this and when he eventually fell asleep, his body would do what it wanted and he wouldn't have to take responsibility for it. Hannibal hadn't made do so before, he doubted he would if Will just let things happen as they had been tonight.

But he couldn't do that. Not now that he *knew.*

As he had for so many nights in the past, he climbed over Hannibal's body, careful to keep his eyes downcast so that his daddy didn't know he was awake. At first, he was still, lying on top of his father and nothing more.

But then, as he had so many nights previously — though this was the first he was conscious of it — he began to grind against his father. Hannibal's breath hitched in his chest and after a moment, his hand moved to Will's back as it had so many times before. Will's movements didn't feel anywhere near as fluid as they had in his sleep, his hips were stuttered and his body was more taut than usual. If Hannibal noticed, he didn't say anything.

Maybe he thought Will was still asleep.

And that thought made Will's throat clench.

He wanted him to know. He wanted his daddy to know how he felt and that he *chose* this. Him.

He shifted his head slightly, feeling the hair on Hannibal's chest tickle his cheek.

He still had time to back out. He could just sate them both and never let Hannibal know that he knew what he was doing.

But he didn't want that.

He continued his grinding as best he could, feeling his now erect cock brush against his father's erection as he raised his head slowly, finding amber eyes in the darkness.

Hannibal tensed under him as Will met his eyes. Neither of them said anything as Will adjusted himself, gently placing his hands on Hannibal's shoulders as he had done so many nights before. His father's eyes searched his, looking back and forth between them while Will kept up the rhythm of his lower body.

Whatever his father saw as he searched his eyes seemed to keep him from pushing Will off him. Instead, his other hand moved, both of them moving over Will's body until they gripped his hips.

Will kept his grip on Hannibal's shoulders as the other began to guide the movements of his lower body. His movements began to smooth out and eventually, Will drew up his legs until they were on either side of his daddy's hips. Hannibal continued to guide his movements, but still, they were silent.

There was no sound in the room other than their increasingly erratic breaths and the violent pounding of Will's heart.

He never looked away from his father's eyes though, keeping his gaze locked the whole time.

He kept his hold on Hannibal the whole time too, except for once when he reached between them, first pulling his cock free from the confines of his briefs and then Hannibal's from his sleep pants. A breath hissed through his father's teeth but there was no other noise.

Pre-come slicked the way between them as their cocks rubbed together. He knew it would be better with at least one hand around them both to increase the friction between them, but he couldn't bring himself to release Hannibal's shoulders and his father didn't seem to be willing to release his hips.

Will's lips parted in his pleasure, unable to keep the soft moans in his chest from working their way past his lips. Hannibal's dark eyes became darker at the sounds and Will could swear it was taking all of his father's considerable self-control to keep from bucking up against him. For the most part, he was letting Will have his way and only guiding. Will didn't know if that was a good or bad thing; if maybe in the morning his father would finally chastise him for what he had been doing, especially now that he knew he was doing it.

Will was reaching the precipice of his pleasure, feeling his daddy tense under him as well. But still, neither made too much noise.

Though quiet, it was an oddly intimate and tense situation.

Part of Will wanted to bury himself under his daddy's chin, to press them close for when they came so that even if he couldn't have this again, he would always have the brilliant, intimacy of this night. But a much larger part of him wanted to stay exactly as he was. Will hated eye contact, he loathed being able to see exactly what was going on in someone else's mind just by watching the thoughts flash in their eyes. But he never hated it when it came to Hannibal. And he didn't hate it right now, as he was staring deep into his father's amber eyes.

They would come this way, gazes locked and bodies pressed together, embracing their shared pleasure together.

"Daddy," Will barely breathed, not enough to break the relative silence of the room, but enough that Hannibal heard it.

Will came first, spilling between them and over his daddy's cock. Hannibal came not long after, their releases coating the space between them, what little there was.

Will was shaking, his hands tightly gripping his father's shoulders still.

Hannibal didn't move, didn't let go of Will's hips even as both of them breathed heavily, still staring into each other's eyes.

After a moment, Will gathered the rest of his courage, and leaned forward, pressing his lips against his daddy's. The other didn't react at first, and Will wondered if he had finally gone too far, but then his lips twitched, kissing Will back and for a moment, deepening the kiss between them. Will's whole body was on fire as he was kissed — truly, passionately kissed — by his father. They pulled apart after a moment as Hannibal's hands finally moved, trailing up Will's body and then wrapping around him.

Will ducked his head, pillowing on his daddy's shoulder and nuzzling into his neck.

They fell asleep like that, mess still between them, but embracing one another as though they would fall apart without it.

When Will woke in the morning, he was certain he would be rebuked. He woke wondering if he should feel regret or shame — neither of which he actually felt — as the morning light filtered in through his lashes.

He slept better the previous night than he had the whole week prior, tucked in his daddy's arms.

As he woke more, his brain began to remind him what had happened the night before. He remembered the way he had ground against his father's body, driving them both to release as their bare cocks brushed between them. He remembered the way Hannibal's body felt under his, so perfectly normal that it was as though they belonged together like that. He remembered driving them both to their releases, their shared orgasm filling the space between them, marking them as though they belonged to one another. And Will was all but certain he belonged to Hannibal. The question was, did Hannibal belong to him.

The last thing remembered as he continued to wake was the kiss shared between them. He could still feel his father's lips on his own.

He woke somewhat on his side, his head pillowed on his daddy's chest with one of Hannibal's arms looped around him, tracing circles over his back. Will was still for a long moment, not wanting to break whatever perfect haze was between them.

But that didn't last.

Hannibal's hand stopped tracing patterns once he realized Will was awake, instead letting his hand fall off to the side and not touching Will any more than he had to where Will was pressed into his side.

He was going to be chastised.

Will swallowed thickly, feeling the dried release on his pelvis crack slightly as he slowly raised his head to search his daddy's face.

Hannibal looked at him in return, both of them searching each other's faces for signs of regret, shame, or anything that would at all constitute them shoving the previous night into the back of their minds and never thinking about it again.

Will, though, was relieved to see that no such emotions were evident on Hannibal's face.

Hannibal seemed to realize the same thing and after a moment, he began to shift, pulling himself up from the bed. Will whimpered when their bodies pulled apart, though Hannibal didn't move far. He shifted, throwing his legs over the edge of the bed and sitting up before he looked back at Will. He opened his arms and it became incredibly obvious to Will what he wanted. He shifted his body, moving to straddle his daddy's lap. The other's arms came around him, pressing him closer before Hannibal stood. Will's legs tightened on his body while his hands rested on his father's shoulders as they had before. He could feel the bumps left by the half-moon marks he had placed the night before, and some part of him sung at that.

His daddy carried him into the bathroom, setting him down on the edge of the counter. Then, he moved to the bathtub, turning it on and feeling the water until he was satisfied with the temperature. Will watched the flex of his back, enchanted by every muscle he saw rolling under his skin.

Hannibal moved away from the tub as it filled, walking closer to Will and pulling him into his arms. Hannibal's nose was buried in his hair and after a moment, Will heard him inhale. He imagined he smelled like his daddy, and he was incredibly happy with the thought.

After a moment, Hannibal pulled away again before his fingers grasped the bottom of Will's shirt. He raised his arms while Hannibal pulled it off, then lifted his hips when his father removed his briefs. Hannibal's sleep pants were next and then the two of them were bare to each other.

His daddy moved to the tub and turned off the water, before walking back to Will and picking him up once more. Will couldn't bring himself to look away from his daddy's eyes as the other stepped into the tub, lowering them both into the warm, soapy water.

The tub in his father's bathroom was rather large, enough that Will could shift himself sidewise on his daddy's lap, curling so his head was rested against the other's shoulder. Hannibal rested against the edge of the tub and for a long moment, they were both silent and still. One of Will's hands was cupping his daddy's neck while Hannibal was petting down his body in the water.

He didn't know how long they were like that, though the water had begun to cool a bit by the time Hannibal finally shifted them. Will whimpered, though it was for nothing as his daddy rearranged him so his legs were draped over his hips. He began to clean Will, running a soapy sponge over Will's body and paying extra attention to where their joint releases had coated his skin. Will grabbed the other sponge and mirrored him. Eventually, they were completely clean, and the evidence of the last night's activities circled down the drain.

Except for the memories.

The moment they were dry, Will tried to move closer to his daddy again, but Hannibal stopped him, gripping his shoulders firmly. He wasn't pushing him away, but it was obvious that they would not return to an embrace at this very moment.

"Breakfast," Hannibal said, speaking for the first time that morning. Will had been ready to protest their distance but his protest was immediately silenced by one word. He knew his father would never abide him missing a meal so a protest anyway would be useless. "Go put on some new clothes, my love. I'll meet you in the kitchen."

Will sighed but reluctantly obeyed, walking back toward his room.

Ultimately, he decided not to fully dress, but instead put on another set of briefs and a t-shirt. It was normally what he would have on anyway for breakfast, so he didn't think there was any harm in wearing what he normally did.

As it turned out, his daddy had a similar thought process as he had only put on a clean pair of sleep pants by the time Will joined him in the kitchen.

Hannibal glanced up when he arrived but didn't say a thing. There was nothing that needed to be said between them.

His daddy made and plated their breakfast which they ate, continuing their silence.

When their plates were empty, Will moved to the sink and began washing them. It was their unspoken deal. Whoever cooked, the other did the dishes. Hannibal pressed a kiss to his still-damp curls before he left the room, leaving Will alone with the dishes.

Will tried not to think about it but instead finished cleaning the dishes then dried them and put them away. When Hannibal still didn't reappear, he moved through the house and back toward his bathroom where he brushed his teeth and tried to tame his hair slightly. When even still, his daddy didn't appear, Will decided to seek him out.

He was incredibly relieved to find that Hannibal wasn't ignoring him, as he stepped into his father's room. The reason for his father's extended absence was quite obvious. He had changed the sheets. The other was just finishing brushing his own teeth when Will entered. Will wasted no time climbing back into the bed they had occupied not that long earlier and was soon joined by his daddy. He immediately tucked himself into his father's side while Hannibal turned on the TV.

Hannibal didn't have the TV for himself. It was solely for Will. He highly doubted that his daddy ever turned it on if Will wasn't in the room with him. When he was younger and his nightmares made it so he could barely sleep through the night, Hannibal would make him breakfast and then let him spend the whole day in his room, watching cartoons and eventually falling asleep on his daddy's chest.

Will couldn't help but wonder if this would be similar.

For a while, it was. His daddy found something that he knew Will would like and for a while, they cuddled close together. Will's head was rested on his father's chest, hearing his heartbeat steady and strong under his ear.

Will found himself shifting closer until he was plastered against his daddy's side. Hannibal's hand was once again tracing over his back until Will felt like he was going to vibrate out of his skin.

He shifted, looking up at Hannibal who was watching him in return. Gathering his courage as he had the night before, he shifted upward, pressing his lips to Hannibal's. It was so much different doing so now. They were literally shedding light on this new aspect of their relationship, but Will found not even the sunlight could force him away. Only Hannibal himself could.

His daddy kissed him back as he had the night before so Will pressed closer again, readying himself to climb over his daddy as he had before. Hannibal, however, had other ideas. Instead of Will moving over him, he felt himself shifted gently onto his back as Hannibal hovered

over him. The other was searching his eyes, again looking for any sign that Will wanted to turn back, but he wasn't having it.

He reached up, grasping his father's bare sides and pulling him down on top of him.

He couldn't stop the hiss that escaped his teeth when the full weight of his father was pressed against him.

They kissed again and kissed for a long while. He could taste the mint of his father's toothpaste when their tongues explored, familiarizing themselves with each other in a way they never had before.

His daddy's hand began trailing over his body, feeling everywhere Will tensed and relaxed under his fingers. Eventually, for the second time that morning, Hannibal was pulling Will's shirt off over his head. Will hissed again when their bare chests touched. He mirrored his father's actions, running his hands over the other's chest, sides, and back, learning every curve, muscle, and bone that he had really only glanced at before.

Hannibal's fingers traced over him in equal measure, finding the spaces between his ribs, the jut of his hips, brushing over his nipple and making him whimper in response.

They were like that, continuing to kiss and explore, for a while. Their hands had covered every piece of skin on their torsos, arms, and faces, finding every little imperfection that made an overall perfect whole.

He knew it was coming when his daddy's hand slipped lower, brushing against the top of his briefs. Will nodded emphatically, and those were slowly drawn from his body. Hannibal followed suit, pulling off his sleep pants when Will nodded so hard again, he was certain his eyes vibrated in his head.

Hannibal smiled at him softly once he tossed his pants aside, moving closer to Will to press a soft kiss against his forehead. Will preened slightly at the gesture, feeling his whole body alight with an emotion he couldn't quite name. Then the other moved again, settling himself where he had been once before, over Will. Except this time, their bodies were bare and pressed tightly against one another and his daddy was settled between his legs.

Will swallowed thickly around his suddenly dry throat at feeling the whole of his father's bare body press against him. A small, choked moan escaped his lips, especially as one of his father's hands moved under him, keeping them pressed together.

Will reached up and pushed some stray hairs from Hannibal's eyes, cupping his cheek afterward to feel the heat of his skin and the press of his cheekbone against his hand. Hannibal turned slightly, pressing a kiss to Will's palm. The action made him flush slightly. His daddy leaned forward, kissing both of his cheeks softly before their lips met again.

Will was incredibly grateful it was a Saturday, as he could continue to have this feeling of his father pressed against him all day and well into the night. And all day the next day if they wished. He could continue to explore the other's body, feeling every twitch where their legs

brushed against each other, feel the growing hardness of his daddy's cock against his thigh, feel his own body and arousal responding, begging for them to be closer together.

He wanted more. Not just the, admittedly nice, rutting he had been doing the last few weeks. He wanted to feel his father. He wanted his daddy buried in his body where Will had no doubt he belonged.

He knew his father could sense this, or at least had a very good idea where Will's mind was going.

He began to kiss down Will's body, his lips exploring the paths hands had previously traced, kissing over his collarbone, down his chest, licking lightly at his nipples, calming Will's stomach as it rose quicker with his breaths, and eventually traced his pelvis. His hand stroked over Will's hips, memorizing every curve of them and eventually gripping them tightly. Will could swear his hips were made for his father's palms as his daddy's hands slotted against them perfectly.

Will's throat dried again as Hannibal's lips continued lower and he felt the heat of the other's breath against his cock.

He knew what was coming, he wasn't naïve. He knew what his father was ultimately after. But his general knowledge did nothing to prepare him for the feeling of his daddy's tongue licking a stripe up the underside of his cock, tracing the vein there as he did. Will's whole body shuddered and a moan escaped his chest without him even realizing it was there, to begin with.

Hannibal repeated the action before swirling his tongue lightly at the tip of Will's cock, no doubt savoring the pre-come that had begun to gather there. Will's whole body was on fire when Hannibal's hand moved from his hip and wrapped around his cock. It was the first time that his daddy had ever touched his cock like this. Certainly, his father's hands had probably traveled over him as he cleaned Will, both when he was younger and likely after Will's late-night adventures. But it wasn't the same as this. It wasn't the same as his father actively grasping his aroused cock, the feeling of his hand sinking to Will's very core. It wasn't the same as when he stroked over his length making Will's whole body shudder again. And it wasn't the same as when Hannibal held his cock still before he wrapped his mouth around it and sinking until his nose was pressed against Will's pelvis.

Will jumped at the feeling, accidentally pressing himself more into his father's mouth but the other never complained. Instead, he began bobbing his head, sucking and licking at the underside of Will's cock as he did. When he focused on the head of Will's length, his hand continued to stroke at the base. Will shivered under the attention, his hands fisting in the sheets on either side of him.

Hannibal seemed content to ignore his own arousal which was hanging heavily between his legs. Will could see it when the other shifted just right and part of him longed to do to his daddy what he was actively doing to Will. He knew he would likely have the chance, if his daddy didn't deny him this of all things, there was no way he would deny Will that opportunity.

But there would be time for that.

Will knew his father. He knew he would have his way in this, at least for Will's first time.

And it was Will's first time. Not just with his father, but in general. He had never touched another person, never let them touch him. He certainly had thought about it a couple of times, but nothing ever came of his thoughts, except the ones that revolved around Hannibal.

His daddy was the first person he ever kissed, ever came for, ever came with. And he was the first to ever touch Will so intimately as he was now, where his mouth was wrapped around Will's cock.

For a moment, Will's mind reminded him rather dramatically that this was his *father.* He was Hannibal's *son.* Hannibal had *his son's cock* in his mouth. And the very thought made him shiver and moan, sending his body so violently toward the edge he was certain he would come in his father's mouth.

Hannibal didn't let him though, apparently having another goal in mind.

Will whimpered when his father pulled off his cock, wanting to protest. His father eyed him knowingly and Will could tell that at another time, maybe even later that very same day, he wouldn't stop. He would continue until Will came in his mouth. But that wasn't what he wanted right now.

Hannibal wiped his mouth as he moved up the bed and toward his bedside table. He pulled out a bottle, some fancy lube that Will couldn't read the name of, before he moved back down the bed again. He shouldered Will's legs apart and for the first time since this began, Will was embarrassed.

Embarrassed because he was spread for his father so intimately, because nothing about him was hidden from Hannibal's gaze anymore. He had seen all of Will, every bit of skin, every intimate, hidden place. It would all be in his mind now for Hannibal to revisit whenever he wanted.

He refrained from trying to close his legs though, trusting his father as he kissed one of Will's thighs and then the other. He whimpered at the sensation, realizing that so rarely were people touched between their thighs. It was one of the few places that barely saw the contact of another human outside of things like this. His father kissed up his thighs until he was at the crease of his legs, letting his tongue trail over it slightly and pulling a startled giggle from Will's lips.

His daddy moved lower then, shouldering his legs apart more and lifting one just slightly for better access. Will felt hot breath against his hole, and his whole body froze. He couldn't help himself. And he stayed frozen, his hands fisted so hard in the sheets that he thought he would tear them, when Hannibal's tongue flitted out, brushing over his hole.

Will swallowed what felt like a rock in his throat as Hannibal repeated the action. One of his hands stroked over Will's leg, his hip, and his side, trying to relax the tension that was omnipresent in Will's body.

He took a few deep breaths, steadying himself, and rather than focusing on the strangeness and newness of the whole situation, he instead focused on the feeling of pleasure of having his father lick at him so intimately. His daddy hummed his approval as Will began to relax in his grasp, his whole body sinking more and more into the bed as Hannibal's tongue prodded as his hole, exploring and tasting him thoroughly.

Hannibal continued like that for a long while, alternating between slight jabs with his tongue at Will's hole and long, torturously slow licks. Will's body shifted from tensed to once again almost painfully aroused. He was nearly tearing the sheets for a different reason now and he wondered if his father would even care at all if he did. His hips rocked almost automatically on Hannibal's tongue; short stilted movements that only barely managed to relieve the new kind of tension that Hannibal was building in Will's body.

Hannibal pressed the pad of a finger against his hole for a moment, rubbing at it gently and spreading the saliva he had already left. Will whined at the feeling, wanting more. His daddy obliged, pressing into him just slightly.

Will felt his arousal shoot beyond painful at even the slightest feeling of his daddy inside him. He wondered how much worse it would be when they were completely joined with something much different than his finger.

Hannibal pulled back slightly before Will heard the cap of the lube open. The other poured some onto his fingers and returned, pressing into Will slowly with one finger. Will's body tensed at the intrusion until he forced it to relax once more.

"Good boy," Hannibal murmured against his thigh, breaking the unspoken agreement of non-verbal communication between them. They had barely spoken since the previous night, only saying a few words, most of which had either been uttered by Hannibal or was the same word repeated by Will.

"Daddy," He moaned, as Hannibal's finger sunk into him more. Before long, the other's finger was buried completely in his body.

Hannibal let him adjust before his hand retreated and returned again with more lube. He repeated the action, entering Will with one finger and burying it completely within him before retreating with more lube until Will was certain his insides were dripping. Then, his daddy added another finger, repeating the same slow process as he hollowed out the hole within Will that he would soon fill in the best way. He scissored his fingers as he pressed in and out of Will's body, stretching him.

Will couldn't help but glance at the much larger appendage between his legs. His fingers ultimately paled in comparison and Will's mouth watered.

He wanted it. He wanted his father buried inside him. He wanted them joined. He wanted them as one. He wanted them to be together already. From what he could tell from what Hannibal was doing, and comparing it to his limited exposure via porn, he already knew the experience was completely different. Even from the movies he had seen. This wasn't just sex. He wanted, if what he was currently understanding from his father to be true, to make love, which seemed to be Hannibal's ultimate goal.

His daddy's hand retreated again before he added a third finger. At this point, he didn't withdraw his hand fully as he shifted it against Will's body, fucking him on his fingers. At the same time, his head turned slightly with his mouth once again focusing on his thigh. Will jumped slightly when Hannibal began to suck on his thigh and the feeling of his body coming back down on his daddy's hand coupled with the fact that the other had chosen then to crook his fingers made Will see stars behind his eyelids.

Hannibal continued to suck against his thigh, likely aiming to leave a bruise. The mark was for him, and him alone. A reminder of who Will belonged to. No one else would ever see it, except for Hannibal, Will hoped. He left the mark so Will would know that his daddy loved him, wanted him, and had every intention of keeping him.

Hannibal continued to scissor his fingers, opening Will more and more for what was to come.

"Daddy please," Will whined after what felt like an eternity. He knew his daddy was trying to make certain he wouldn't hurt him, but he had already been denied one orgasm this morning and he wanted nothing more than to finally experience it while speared open on his father's cock.

Hannibal pressed a kiss against his hip before finally pulling his fingers away, leaving Will feeling strangely empty while he shifted back up the bed. He reached for the lube once more, pouring it onto his cock and coating it. Will was tempted to reach for him, but the sight of his father stroking himself in front of him, even if it was just to spread the lube over his cock, was too good a sight to interrupt.

His daddy's eyes were scanning over his body, committing it to memory as though he hadn't done it earlier this hands and probably with his eyes a million times prior to this. Will felt warm everywhere his father's eyes grazed until they eventually found his face once again. Their eyes locked as Hannibal lowered himself. He shifted Will slightly, grasping one of the pillows to prop up Will's lower body slightly before the tip of his cock brushed over Will's hole.

Will let out the loudest moan he ever had, his hands automatically reaching for Hannibal now to pull him closer. To join them.

Hannibal teased his hole for a moment more before he eventually shifted forward, slowly beginning to sink into Will's body.

Will choked on the emotions that suddenly filled his throat while his daddy filled his body. The other bent himself, pressing them close together as he sank fully inside Will. They were joined in the most intimate way possible. Not just in bodies, but in minds, hearts. They were just alike, and Will could see that so clearly as his father settled over him, their eyes still locked.

He wondered if it would be like the night before, where their eyes had stayed locked the whole time, even as they orgasmed. He hoped it would be. He wanted to come on his father's cock, he wanted his father to come in him, and for both of them to be intimately aware of those facts.

His daddy was still for a long moment, letting them both adjust to the new intimacy and feeling before he shifted his hips back slightly. Will adjusted his grip on the other, wrapping his arms around the other's back and drawing up his legs. One of Hannibal's hands ran down his side before hooking behind his knee and drawing it over his lower back. Will did the same with his other leg until he was clinging to Hannibal completely. He quickly realized there were two advantages to the position as Hannibal began thrusting and it barely seemed to cause him strain, and that he could feel every roll in his father's body, every muscle tense and relax, every joint as he rocked slowly into Will's body.

One of Hannibal's hands was right next to his face, his thumb stroking over Will's cheek as he slowly thrust into his body. Will's fingers gripped Hannibal's back, keeping them pressed close together. Hannibal's other hand was stroking through his hair, paying attention to curl after curl. After a moment, his hand moved down Will's face, brushing over his cheek before his fingers began to dance over Will's lips. He chose then to angle his hips slightly, finding the same pleasurable spot as before, making Will see stars again.

He moaned, feeling Hannibal's fingers move from his lips to his jaw then, partially keeping his lips open. His daddy leaned down then, pressing them even closer together in order to kiss Will. Like the night before, the kiss was deep and passionate, but unlike the night before, it didn't stop with one. They continued to kiss, even as one of Will's hands moved up to stroke his daddy's hair. Even as Hannibal continued to aim for that spot within him over and over, slowly drawing his cock over it as he pushed in and out.

Will's hips began rocking slightly, in time with his daddy's movements. Hannibal finally — *finally* — moaned, the sound rumbling through his chest before it ever left his lips. The feeling sunk into his core, latched onto his very soul, and stayed there. The knowledge that he affected his daddy just as much as his daddy affected him, sent him once again to the precipice of his orgasm.

His father must have known because he moved to reach between them to grasp Will's cock once again, but Will wasn't having it.

He grasped the hand that was moving between them and held on, making it clear that for this, if he was going to come, it was going to be purely because his daddy's cock was inside him.

Their hands shifted until their fingers laced together and pressed into the bed next to Will's head. Will squeezed his daddy's hand, feeling his orgasm about to overtake him. But he didn't look away. Not once had they looked away.

Like the night before, he was going to come looking deep into his daddy's eyes.

He wondered how close Hannibal was, if he was at all near the edge or if he was so focused on bringing Will his pleasure that he completely forgot about his own.

It didn't seem to matter because soon Will was coming, spilling between their bodies. It must have been some combination of Will's body tightening around him, the squeeze of his hand, the fact that his eyes never left his daddy's; that Hannibal was coming not long after him, spilling within Will. Staining him. Marking him. Claiming him. And cooling the fire he had so thoroughly managed to stoke in Will's bones.

Will was shaking following his orgasm, unable to let his father go at all. In fact, he was hanging on tighter, likely making Hannibal's fingers go numb from the lack of circulation but the other never complained. He never once seemed to care as long as Will was satisfied.

He didn't pull out of him, likely mostly because Will's legs were locked like a vice around his waist.

They were still watching one another, making certain that the other was comfortable with what had just transpired between them. And Will thought he couldn't be happier.

He was wrong.

"My love," His daddy said, his voice rough from his orgasm. Will was still shaking in his arms as he waited patiently for his father to continue speaking. Hannibal raised his hand, kissing his knuckles slightly before leaning back toward Will. Their lips brushed lightly, ghosting over each other. Will tilted his head, wanting nothing more than to kiss him again when Hannibal shifted with him, not moving away, but keeping himself far enough so he could speak. "I love you."

Will's heart stopped in his chest.

Of course, he knew his daddy loved him. But that wasn't the type of love he was talking about. He was referring to the kind that wasn't normal between father and son. And Will found that truly, he could be happier. Because he was, right now.

"I love you too, Daddy. So much."

Hannibal finally let their lips brush, almost chastely at first, but it didn't stay that way. Will's legs finally loosened slightly allowing Hannibal to pull out, though he didn't pull away. Instead, he stayed pressed against Will, kissing him so passionately that Will thought he might actually cry, something he didn't often do.

He felt immeasurably loved in a way he had never felt before, even though he knew his father had always loved him unconditionally. But this was different. Equally as deep, of course, but different.

Everything within him, no matter how much he knew the world would see it was wrong, knew that this right here, the layered bond between them, was right. It was the most right thing he had ever known. It was right down to his bones, his heart, his very soul.

He could tell Hannibal was thinking the same thing, especially when he shifted just slightly to rest his head against Will's chest. It was a type of vulnerability he wouldn't have shown with anyone else, but he did with Will. And only Will.

They drifted together for a little bit, the mess they had made between them cooling but the fire under their skin only burned brighter.

Will's hand sought his daddy's once more and eventually he found himself playing with the other's fingers, tracing strong hands that he knew could do terrible things but never would to

Will.

They forced themselves up to clean each other, but soon they were back in Hannibal's bed once again. They had settled on their sides, the two of them kissing slowly and lazily while hands continued to explore.

It stayed like that for the rest of the day. They only parted for necessary reasons, food, water, etc. But every time they came back to each other, returning to the same bed they had consummated their relationship in. Hannibal insisted on feeding him during their meals and Will insisted on sitting in his lap while he did so, the two of them barely parting.

They continued to make love throughout the day. Will finally had his wish, tasting his daddy's arousal on his tongue while he sucked his cock. The same cock which had once been buried in him, and would be again. They changed positions and at Will's encouragement, Hannibal grew rougher. Even while rough, Will knew it wasn't outright fucking. They were still making love, no matter the punishing pace that they ended the day with before falling asleep in each other's arms.

They made love the next day, well into the night. They ignored the rest of the world in favor of each other and only each other.

It was only Will and his daddy and he was never happier.

Will was his, and only his.

His forever.

Will belonged to Hannibal in every way possible. And he would never regret claiming Will in this way too.

His love.

End Notes

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